LEADER.

Who first came nigh him ?

AGAVE.

I, I, 'tis confessed I
And they named me there by him
Agave the Blessed !

LEADER.

Who was next in the band on him ?

AGAVE.

The daughters. . .

LEADER.

The daughters ?

AGAVE.

Of Cadmus laid hand on him.
But the swift hand that slaughters
Is mine ; mine is the praise I
Bless ye this day of days I
[The LEADER *tries to speak, but ts not alls;*
AGAVE *begins gently stroking the head*

AGAVE.

Gather ye now to the feast I

LEADER.

Feast!—O miserable !

AGAVE.

See, it falls to his breast,
Curling and gently tressed,
The hair of the Wild Bull's crest—
The young steer of the fell I